

The Tragedy of Hamlet

roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-faln?
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an
inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may
not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it
stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty
enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we
make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might
they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cesar* dead and turn'd to clay

Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King,

The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Enter King,*

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *Que. Laertes*

The coarse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Dost. Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warrant; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground un sanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Prince of Denmark

Her maiden strewments, and the
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be

Dost. No more be done:

We should profane the service of

To sing a *Requiem* and such rest

As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and unpollur'd

May violents spring: I tell thee

A ministring Angel shall my sister

When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia*?

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

I hop't thou shouldst have bin

I thought thy bride-bed to have

And not have strew'd thy grave

Laer. O treble woe!

Fall ten times double on that

Whose wicked deed thy most

Deprived thee of: hold off the

Till I have caught her once more

Now pile your dust upon the

Till of this flat a mountaine you

T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the sky

Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grie

Beares such an *emphasis*, whose

Conjures the wandring stars, a

Like wonder-wounded hearers

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Divell take thy

Ham. Thou pray'st not well

For though I am not spleenative

Yet have I in me something da

Which let thy wisdom feare;

King. Plucke them afunder.

Quee. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

Her